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Select Poetry.

MEMORY.

Soft as rays of sunshine stealing
On the dying day;
Sweet as chimes of low bells pealing
When eve fades away;
Sad as winds at night that moan
Through the heath o'er mountains lone,
Come the thoughts of days now gone
On manhood's memory.

As the sunbeams from the Heaven
Hide at eve their light;
As the bells when fades the even
Peal not on the night;
As the night winds cease to sigh
When the rain falls from the sky,
Pass the thoughts of days gone by
From age's memory.

Yet the sunlight in the morning
Forth again shall break,
And the bells give sweet voiced warning
To the world to wake.
Soon the winds shall freshly breathe
O'er the mountain's purple heath;
But the Past is lost in Death—
He hath no memory.

Selected Miscellany.

THE DEATH-WARRANT.

BY WM. B. HAYDEN.

ANTHONY MARTEL was a brave young soldier as ever bore arms on the battle field. He was an almost universal favorite among his regiment. He loved his country, and a maiden, Cadeline, who was considered the prettiest girl in Viselle, and many were the hearts that beat with love and joy when the fair Cadeline turned her beautiful eyes upon them and returned their salutations with a winning smile. There was not a brave soldier in the regiment but would have been proud to shed the last drop of blood to resent an insult to the bright star of Viselle. Many were they who worshipped at her shrine, but only one received any return to his passion—and he was the gallant Anthony Martel.

The colonel of the regiment to which he belonged was a man of violent passions, insolent and overbearing in the extreme to his subordinates, and was universally detested as Martel was beloved.

On several occasions he made infamous proposals to Cadeline, which she had resented with scorn, but still he became more importune, until finding himself baffled in all his endeavors, he determined to adopt a new mode of procedure, hoping to be more successful in his designs. Accordingly he called on Cadeline one evening when she was alone and made an apology for his rudeness and asked her forgiveness which she readily granted, presuming that he would trouble her no farther; but in this she was disappointed, for he immediately made new overtures of love to her, promising if she would listen, he would load her with presents, and also make her his lawful bride. But all these flattering inducements had no effect upon her, for she was true to her first love.

"Consider Cadeline," said he, "my rank and station, and then your position would be higher than the proudest lady in our village; besides you shall have attendants, and all the luxury and refinement that wealth can furnish."

"Ah, Colonel Lavilier what would these splendid gifts be without the heart?" Said Cadeline.

"You would soon learn to love me," said the Colonel.

"No, Colonel, we never can love but once."

"Then why not love me?"

"Because I already love another," returned Cadeline.

"Indeed, my fair charmer," said the Colonel ironically: "may I be permitted to ask the name of that gallant?"

"Anthony Martel," was the innocent rejoinder.

"What! a common soldier—a miserable hireling for a rival? By heavens!" he exclaimed, in a terrible passion, "unless you instantly accept my suit, and reject the beggarly churl, I will have him shot like a dog, for his audacious presumption, and I will give thee but a moment to decide his fate."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Cadeline, "he is guilty of no crime. He has never injured you."

"Has he not dared to supplant a Colonel of the French army, and he only a common soldier?"

"Nay, Colonel Lavilier—I loved him ere I saw you. He is generous, noble, and would injure no one."

"Do not lose time in idle words; consent to be mine, or ere the morning sun has risen an hour in the heavens, his heart shall have ceased to beat."

"O, heavens! spare him!" cried Cadeline in anguish.

"You plead in vain."

"Give me but a single day to decide," said Cadeline.

"Not an hour."

At this moment a majestic form cast a shadow on the door way, but it was not observed by either of the persons within the room, so deeply were they absorbed in their own affairs. Stepping a little aside, so as to be unobserved, the stranger remained a silent spectator of all that passed.

"I implore you to let me speak to Anthony before I give you a final answer."

"Not a word to him; therefore instantly give me your consent to become my bride or sign the death warrant of Anthony Martel!"

"Inhuman monster! I would rather die a thousand deaths than be your wife—even were you the proud Emperor of France. Anthony fears not death, and would rather give his life than have me prove false to him."

"Mad girl, you are in my power, and I will use you as I please, since you have so insultingly spoken."

"Never."

"Do you dare to defy me to my face? Thus let me prove my words by snatching a breath of the sweet fragrance of your scornful lips."

And clasping his arms around the fair form of Cadeline, Colonel Lavilier endeavored to put his threat into execution.

"Help! mercy!" exclaimed she.

At this moment the report of a pistol in the hands of the stranger whom we before mentioned, was heard, and the bullet shattered the arm of the aggressor, rendering him powerless; but from whence the shot came, both were unable to tell, for no sooner was the weapon discharged than the deliverer disappeared, and Anthony Martel rushed into the room by another door.—Observing the wild appearance of Cadeline, in an instant, he divined the whole, and with a powerful blow he laid the base insulter at his feet. By that time the report of the fire arms had brought a large detatchment of soldiers to the spot, who on entering were immediately commanded to arrest Anthony for attempting to murder his superior officer. In vain Cadeline protested his innocence,—they placed him under strong guard.

"Of what is this man charged?" asked the judge.

"With the attempt to destoy the life of his superior officer, Colonel Lavilier," said the advocate.

"Where is the accuser?" continued the court.

"Here, may it please your excellency," replied the Colonel, whose arm was bound up in a sling.

"How came Martel to attempt your life?" said the court.

"I know not," said Lavilier.

"What provoked the assault?"

"A conversation with a young girl whom the prisoner is acquainted with."

"Is that all?"

"It is, excellency."

After a short consultation with the other officers the judge turned to the prisoner and thus addressed him—

"Anthony Martel, you have been found guilty on an attempt to murder a superior officer in the French army, the punishment for which crime is death. What have you to say why you should not suffer the extreme penalty of the law which you have offended?"

Martel, who stood as though unconscious until now, raised his manly form, standing erect he bent his searching eyes on Colonel Lavilier, and said in a firm voice:

"Your excellency, I am aware that any vindication which I make, will be of no avail, but being thus permitted I will speak the truth, that my fellow soldiers may know that I die innocent of the charge which has been brought against me. I did not fire upon Colonel Lavilier, and had no weapon when arrested. At the moment I entered the dwelling of Cadeline, I found her struggling in his arms. I stopped not to inquire his rank; but struck him with my clenched fist to the floor. This is all I have done, and had it been the Emperor himself, in his own palace, I would have done likewise, for the duty of a soldier is to protect the innocent and helpless. I am willing to die, but my death will not go unavenged, for the grass will not have covered my grave before the weapons of my comrades shall have found the heart of my murderer, for there is not one who will shrink when the hour comes. I am ready—pass your sentence."

"Martel, your language does not become a man who is on the threshold of eternity."

"Truth becomes a man at all times," replied Anthony.

Colonel Lavilier, during the time the prisoner was speaking seemed greatly excited and turned pale; he knew that Martel was a grest favorite in the regiment, and he feared that his own life might be in danger.

"Anthony Martel," said the judge, "the sentence of the court is, that you die to-morrow morning at sunrise, and that you be shot by twelve of your comrades."

Again the roll of the drum told that the case had been decided, and that they were about to conduct the prisoner to his quarters, when a young girl rushed past the guards into the tent, and prostrating herself at the feet of the presiding officer, exclaimed—

"He is innocent! spare him; he is not guilty and did not shoot Colonel Lavilier."

As the tears flowed down he beautiful face, every heart was touched with pity save one. He stood unmoved by her supplications. The judge informed her that it was impossible for him to alter the sentence of the court, and that the only hope left her was that Colonel Lavilier, who was the injured party, alone had power to ask for his pardon or to recommend him to mercy. In vain Cadeline pleaded with him; he was inexorable, and she was borne senseless from the tent.

On the following morning, a little before sunrise, some soldiers were busily engaged in placing red flags at short intervals on a beautiful plain not far from the camp. No sooner had this been accomplished, than the muffled drum and the band playing the dead march was heard. A company of soldiers drew near, accompanied by a large number of officers, who came to witness the punishment of death. Anthony Martel, was walking with a firm step to meet his doom. Arriving at the spot designated for him to die, he was calm and unmoved at the approaching crisis.—Twelve of his fellow soldiers were brought up into line; every movement told their unwillingness to perform the odious duty which had been assigned them.

All being arranged, the commandant walked up to Martel and taking his hand shook it warmly. Bidding him farewell, he gave him permission to address his companions in arms. This mark of kindness moved the condemned man, and a tear started in his eye; but immediately regaining his composure, he addressed those who were to lay him low in death:

Comrades, I have come here to die the death of a man and a soldier. I am guilty of no crime—I have never dishonored my country or my regiment; I have fought by your sides in the thickest of the battle, when the guns of the enemy poured hot lead into our ranks and swept our brave countrymen down like chaff before the whirlwind. But you all can affirm that I did not quail or falter when the grim monsters stared me in the face, and should I tremble now when I am to die by the hands of my beloved comrades? No, I consider it an honor, and the last sound that will greet my ears will be the glorious dying music of your own true guns as I fall. I know that you will not suffer my ashes to remain unrevenged. Let not your hands tremble, but with a firm, steady aim level your pieces at my breast, and when I give the word "Fire!" for I would have the mark of every man, if you love me. Comrades, farewell, and may we meet where the warrior rests from his battles and his victories."

The soldiers brought their pieces to their shoulders, but suddenly the frantic Cadeline rushed into the arms of her lover.

"Oh, Anthony, dear Anthony, you must not die. Colonel Lavellier will have mercy; he cannot be so cruel as to murder you."

"Cadeline, there is no hope. I had prepared to die, but this meeting unnerves me. I could have wished you had been spared this scene; but calm yourself and do not weep when I am gone. You will not want for defenders, for my comrades will make it go hard with him who dares to offer you an insult, Cadeline, be his rank whatever it may."

"Cammandant," said Col. Lavilier, in an impatient tone, "it is past the time ordered for the execution. Have them parted and do your duty."

With great difficulty Cadeline was torn from the embrace of Martel and conveyed to a distance from the spot.

"The word 'ready' was given, quickly followed by the second command 'present'—'aim,' and a last fatal word, 'fire!' was on the lips of the commandant, when a stern voice from a person who stood a short distance apart, closely muffled up, gave the command to 'recover arms.'

So sudden and abrupt was the order, that all eyes turned on the person who had thus dared unceremoniously to countermand an order on so important an occasion.

"Order that man under arrest," said Col. Lavilier. As the person approached rapidly to where he stood, throwing his cloak from his face, the astonished officer beheld in him Field Marshal MacDonald.

"Will Col. Lavilier inform me for what crime this man suffers?"

"For an attempt on my life with a pistol," was the answer.

"Are you sure he is the guilty one?"

"Yes."

"Will you not pardon him?"

"It has been decided by the court martial that he shall die."

"Still you have the same power to pardon him."

"I decline all interference in the course of justice," replied the Colonel.

"I do not," said MacDonald, "and therefore I stop the execution. Anthony Martel is not guilty."

"May I then ask your Excellency who is?" inquired Lavilier, with an impatient air.

"I am."

"Will you please to explain this mystery?" said the Colonel.

"Yes. Having business of importance with you on the evening of the insult, I called at your quarters but found you not. On inquiry, I learned the direction you had taken, and followed in pursuit.—Finding that you had entered Cadeline's cottage, I arrived just in time to be an unobserved witness of your villainy, and the ball which only shattered your arm was fired by me, and had it not been for endangering the life of the girl, it would have reached your heart. Col. Martel I greet you in behalf of the Emperor, to whom I have related your case, and who has been pleased to confer this honor and favor upon you. Lavilier, your sword. Henceforce you are no longer an officer of the grand army; and now take Martel's place, and receive the fire of these guns, which a moment since, were aimed at the breast of an innocent man!"

Every heart beat with joy at the sudden change. Poor Lavilier, trembling with fear, was led to the red flag; again the fearful orders were given, but the heart of the culprit sank within him, and he implored for mercy.

"How can you ask for that which but a few moments since you refused to an innocent man?"

"I own my fault."

"Then I refer you to Colonel Martel, who has the full power to pardon you or not, as he thinks proper."

"Colonel Martel," said the disgraced officer, "dare I hope for mercy?"

"I grant you a full and unconditional pardon. You are at liberty," was the willing reply of Martel, "and do not forget to show mercy that you may receive the same."

By this time Cadeline had heard the gladsome tidings, which spread with rapidity throughout the camp, and hastily returning she was clasped in his warm embrace. That was a glorious day for the regiment, and a general celebration was given in honor of Field Marshal MacDonald and the now Col. Martel.

In the course of a few weeks after this event; the old church at Viselle overflowed with those who assembled to witness the nuptials of Col. Martel and his lovely young bride, Cadeline Dupey, and many were the little presents and keepsakes that the happy pair received from the regiment, who loved their brave and generous commander.

THE TOLLING BELL.

NOT many months ago, in one of my summer rambles, I found myself on a beautiful Sabbath morning, the guest of a worthy and intelligent family, in a quiet country village.

The early breakfast was over; parents and children had joined in reading a chapter in the Bible; Mr. Sedgwick, the head of the family, had then offered up a fervent prayer, at the conclusion of which we all rose from our knees; when our ears were greeted by the clear deep peals of the ringing church bell.

'So late!' exclaimed Mrs. Sedgwick looking at the clock, 'our time piece must be slow.'

'That is not the first bell for church,' replied her husband solemnly. 'There has been a death in the village. The bell is tolling for Martin Lord!'

'Such, then, is his unhappy end!' mused his wife. 'Well, it will be wrong to mourn his death. If death was ever a merciful providence, it is so in this case!'

'Is it a person who has been long sick?' I asked.

Instead of answering my question directly, Mr. Sedgwick said—

'There is a very melancholy history connected with that young man. It is now some time since the excitement occasioned by this strange tragedy died away; but the tolling of the bell this morning must bring it back forcibly to every heart. Perhaps you would be interested to hear the story?'

I expressed my desire to listen to the narration; upon which my friend gave me the details of the following story, which I relate with only a slight deviation from the original:

Martin Lord was once the flower and the hope of one of the most respectable families in the village. His amiable disposition and superior intellect procured for him universal love and esteem.

Although of a slight figure, and pale features which indicated a constitution by no means robust, Martin was remarkable for his uncommon beauty, and indeed his [illegible] shaded by locks of soft brown hair, his large expressive blue eyes, straight nose, with thin Grecian nostrils, and rather voluptuous mouth, entitled him in some measure to that consideration.

Martin was a great favorite with the ladies, old and young; but he never showed any marked partiality to any one, until he became intimate with Isabella Ashton, the daughter of our late clergyman, who died of grief about a year ago.

No two beings could be more different. Isabella was the most thoughtless girl in our village. She could have little sympathy with a person of such deep feelings and elevated intellect as Martin; and beautiful she was it seemed strange that he should have given his love to her. There is no doubt but she was attached to him; perhaps she loved him as well as she was capable of loving any one; but in this instance, as in all others, her affections were secondary to her love of sarcasm and mischief.

Martin and Isabella had been pointed out as lovers, by village gossips, for several months; he was now nineteen, and she was of the same age, when the tragedy occurred, which the tolling of the bell has recalled to my memory.

It was on an autumn evening, nearly five years since, that Isabella took advantage of the absence of her father to have a social gathering of young people at their house. Martin, of course, was present, with the fairest youths and maidens; and being under no restraint from the gravity of the clergyman, who was not expected home till late, the company enjoyed themselves freely with jests, songs and social games.

The hour at which such parties usually broke up had already passed, and there was no relaxation in the gaiety of the young people, when some one foolishly mentioned the subject of ghosts, something of that description having reported as seen in the vicinity of the church-yard.

'It is a silly report,' said Martin. 'Nobody can believe that a ghost was really seen there; and I doubt if a person here believes at all in the existence of ghosts.'

'You do yourself—you know you do Martin, although you are ashamed to own it,' cried Isabella. But Martin only laughed. 'Come now,' continued the thoughtless girl, 'I can prove that you have some idea that such things exist. Go to the church-yard alone in the dark and then declare, if you can, that you have felt no fear.'

And what would that prove?'

'Why, you would be frightened, tho' you would see nothing. Your fears would put your belief to the test. How could you be afraid if you did not feel that there was something to be afraid of?'

'I do not think your logic is the best in the world,' replied Martin, laughing.—'Men are often troubled with fear, when their reason tells them there is no cause for it. But I deny, in the first place, that a journey to the church-yard, even at midnight, would frighten me in the least.'

'How bravely you can talk?' said Isabella, indulging in her customary tone of sarcasm. 'But nobody here believes you. I don't, at any rate. Why you had'nt courage enough the other day to help kill a rabbit; your mother told me so!'

'I never like to cause or witness pain if it can be avoided,' answered Martin, blushing.

'Ha! ha! ha! what an excellent excuse. You are brave enough, to be sure, but tender-hearted. Come, new; you dare not go to the church-yard this night, alone.—You are not half so courageous as you would have us believe. Whether you think there are ghosts or not, you are afraid of them.'

Martin was extremely sensitive, but the sarcasm of nobody except Isabella could have stung him to the quick. Scorning the imputation of cowardice, he was ready to do any desperate act to prove his courage. 'Yet,' said he, 'although I have no more fear of church-yards and ghosts, than I have of orchards and appletrees, I am not going nearly a half mile merely to be laughed at.'

'Ha! ha! but you shall not escape so!' laughed Isabella. 'Here, before these our friends, I promise that this ring shall be yours,' she continued, displaying one given her by an old lover which Martin had often desired her to part with, 'provide you go to the church-yard alone, in the dark, to show that you are not in the least afraid.'

'Agreed,' said Martin, buttoning up his coat, for the night was chilly.

'And as evidence that you go the entire distance you can bring with you the iron bar, which you will find close by the gate,' said Isabella.

Thus driven by taunts to the commission of a folly, Martin took leave of the company, full of courage and spirit, and set out on his errand.

It was near a quarter of a mile to the church yard, which was approached by a lonly dreary path, seldom travelled except by mourners.

It is impossible to relate precisely what happened to Martin on that gloomy road. I judge from the circumstances, which afterwards came to light, and conjecture his adventure must have been as I am about to relate it.

Light as he was in frame, and tender in his feelings, he was not destitute of courage. I do not think he was frightened by the sighing of the wind, and the rustling of the dry autumnal leaves, as many stronger men might have been. He marched steadily to the church-yard, stopped a moment perhaps to gaze sadly, but not fearfully, at the white tombstones gleaming faintly in the dark and desolate ground, for the stars shone brilliantly in the clear cold sky; then shouldering the iron bar of which Isabella had spoken, he set out to return.

He had proceeded about half way, when, in the gloomiest part of the road, he saw a white figure emerge from a clump of willows and come towards him. It looked like a walking corpse, in a winding sheet, which trailed upon the ground. All Martin's strength of nerve was gone instantly. Courage gave place to desperation, his hair standing erect, and his blood running chill with horror, still he stood his ground. The spectre drew nearer, and seemed to grow whiter and larger as it approached. We cannot tell what frenzy seized upon the brain of the unhappy youth at that moment.

The guests at the clergyman's house heard terrific screams. Dreading some tragic termination to the farce, they rushed to the spot, one of the number carrying a lantern. They found Martin kneeling on a prostrate figure, his fingers clutching convulsively its throat, while he still uttered frantic shrieks for help.

Only two of the most courageous young men dared approach him. One of them forced Martin to relax his hold on the throat of the figure, while the other tore away the folds of the sheet. At the moment the bearer came up, its lights fell on the blood-stained features of Isabella. Martin uttered one more unearthly shriek, and fell senseless on the corpse. He never spoke again, but lived—an idiot!

A frightful contusion on Isabella's temple bore evidence that in his frenzy he had struck the supposed spectre with the iron bar. The blow was probably the cause of her death; although such a grasp as his hands must have given her throat, might alone have deprived her of breath. He never knew afterwards what he had done, for never a gleam of reason illuminated the darkness of his soul; and now the tolling bell has told us that Heaven, in its mercy, has finally freed the spirit from its shackles of clay, and given it flight in a better world.

ON SMOKING.—Of the three modes of using tobacco, smoking is that which seems to have insinuated itself most extensively among the youth of our country. Tobacco employed in this way, being drawn in with the vital breath, conveys its poisonous influence into every part of the lungs. There the noxious fluid is entangled in the minute spongy air-cells, and has time to exert its pernicious influence on the blood, not in vivifying it, but in vitiating it. The blood imbibes the stimulant narcotic principle, and circulates it through the whole system. It produces in consequence, a febrile action in those of delicate habits. Where there is any tendency to phthisis, and the tubercular deposite in the lungs, debility of these organs, consequent on the use of tobacco in this way, must favor the deposite of tuberculous matter, and thus sow the seeds of consumption. This practice impairs the natural taste and relish for food, lessens the appetite, and weakens the powers of the stomach. As to pleasure produced by it, it is, I believe, a well-known fact that a person smoking in the dark is very often unable to determine whether his cigar is lighted or not.—*Dr. J. C. Warren.*

CURE FOR BONE FELON.—A correspondent of the Baltimore *Clipper* says, that a thimble full of soft soap and quicksilver mixed, bound tight over the felon, will draw it to a head in ten or twelve hours. The curative can then be removed, and by the application of the usual poultices, the sore will soon be healed. This remedy is said to be a very severe one, but altogether preferable to the disease. Bone felons of late years are quite common, and the remedy, if effectual, will prove a real blessing to the sufferer. As it is said by good authority, to be really efficacious, it is worth a trial.

Secret of Success.

We know that they are some called lucky, and without apparent effort find themselves in possession of fortunes. But the chances of thus winning the smiles of the "fickle goddess" are about equal to being struck by lightening. Some statistician would do a favor to the community portraying the mode in which our so called "lucky men" have made their fortunes. In nine cases out of ten it would be found that what is set down as luck was merely prudence, economy and circumspection. Let a man begin life with a determination to practice self denial and save that half which he earns. Let him see that his savings are judiciously invested in or reinvested in staple merchandise which is imperishable and always finds customers. In a few years the accumulations of his profits or the rise of his land in value will make him rich. And such a man is called lucky. He is lucky. But why? Because he has saved all the money he could and invested judiciously that surplus which his business did not demand.

To do this requires but self denial. He who keeps fast horses, indulges in dissipation, considers his business as a bore, and is constantly making some pretence to slight it, cannot make money. The business of his life is amusement. He goes to his work like a slave. His heart is not in it. He cannot and does not succeed. The spring time of life is spent in the pursuit of pleasure and is followed by declining years of poverty and repentance. One's business must be made paramaunt to everything else to insure success. We know that 'labor for labor's sake is against natnre,' and yet one's occupation becomes, pleasant, agreeable, attractive, there can be no such thing as success.—Our wealthiest professional men, most enterprising merchants, most successful mechanics, are those who have fallen in love with their occupations, and who prosecute them steadily because they love them. The result, money making, comes as a matter of course. They earn their money by untiring vigilence, and it possesses a value to them because of the care which it requires.

Such men are almost always successful, and we call them lucky. They are lucky, but only in this—that they have the nerve to prosecute their occupations untiringly and the self-denial to eschew the frivolities of the world. That is the price which they pay for their eminence; and any one who will go and do likewise will reap the same reward. But if, on the other hand, the young man lives up to his income, he must consent to be overborne by any adverse breeze of fortune, and after toiling through a miserable and apprehensive existence, descend to his grave with hardly money enough to liquidate his funeral expenses, and leave his family to the charities of an unsympathetic world! Young man! do you wish to prevent such a result in your own case. Then begin to save as large a portion of your earnings as you can. When you get so that you can lay aside one half, you will find that your fortune is prospectively made. Until then, you are not traveling on the road to wealth. Follow our advice, and we will guarantee all the luck you need.

DECIDEDLY RICH.—Speaking of the recent appearance of the sea serpent near Dunkirk, N. Y., the *Journal* of that place says:—"We are also told that several of our fishermen have long been impressed with the idea, from actual observation, of the existence of some imaginary monster in the waters of the lake." Very few persons are favored with actual observations of imaginary monsters.

INDIAN SHREWDNES.—I am glad," said the Rev. Dr. Y—— to the Chief of the little Ottowas, "that you do not drink whisky, but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah yes," replied the chief, and he fixed a penetrating and expressive eye upon the doctor, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it. "We Indians use a great deal of whisky, but we do not make it."

A very loquacious lady once offered to wager her husband fifty dollars that she would not speak a word for a week.

'Done!' said the delighted husband, staking the money, which the lady immediately put into her pocket, observing very gravely that she would secure it until the wager was decided.

'Why, madam,' cried the husband, 'I have won it already.'

'You have mistaken the time,' said the lady, 'I mean the week after I am buried.'

What is a mountain? It is to one man a mine, where a treasure may be hid; to another, pasturage for flocks, or a site for a house; to an artist, it is chrome lake, yellow ochre, burnt sienna and indigo; to the geologist, it is trap, quartz, schist, limestone, sandstone, hornblende, calix and the like; to the poet, it is a temple and a throne, an oracle of pines, a ladder for angels, a landing place for Mercury. To most men, it is a mountain—nothing more.

☞ 'I say, mister, do you take Indiana money?' 'No.' 'What's the reason? aint it good?' 'Yes.' Why don't you take it then?' 'Can't get it.' Interrogator mizzled.

An inveterate bachelor being asked by a sentimental miss why he did not secure some fond one's company in his voyage on the ocean of life replied: 'I would if I were sure such an ocean would be *Pacific*.'

☞ 'You look like death on a *pale horse*,' said Jim to a toper, who was growing pale and amaciated.

'I don't know anything about that,' said the toper, 'but I'm death on *pale brandy*.'

Horrors of the Chinese War.

The Rev. D. Parker, the well-known missionary at Canton, writing from the city, under date of the 18th of July, of the horrors of the Chinese revolution, says:

On the 6th of July, Fihshon, a town of 10 or 12 miles from Canton west, embracing nearly a million of people, fell into the power of the insurgents, and the imperialists have endeavored in vain to recapture it. The smoke by day and fire by night of burning villages had been visible from my terrace. On the 13th inst., the first blood was shed on the north of this city, a few miles distant, if we except that spilt by the sword of the executioner, the number of the decapitations daily avenging 50 or 60, and for the last ten years 50,000! To day there has been a second battle in the vicinity—68 insurgents have been taken prisoners, and one hundred slain.

Day before yesterday the insurgents were victorious and 300 imperialists were killed. It is said some of the captives were brought in to day on poles, their hands and feet tied like pigs; others were brought in on the sharp points of bomboos; some have their ears cut off; others ham strung. The panic in the city, although the gates were closed during the skirmishes, and the fight of woman and children it is difficult to portray; and from hour to hour we know not what may become the condition of the foreigners. But most fortunately at present there is a naval force—American and British—able to protect us against any *mob*. Alas! for China.

IF YOU would get rich, don't deal in pass books. Credit is 'the tempter in a new shape.' Buy Dry Goods on trust, and you will purchase a thousand articles, that cash would never have dreamed of. A dollar in the hand, looks larger than ten dollars seen through the perspective of a sixty day due bill. Cash is practical, while Credit takes horribly to taste and remance. Let cash buy a dinner and you will have beef steak flanked with onions. Send credit to market and he will return with eight pair of woodcock and a peck of mushrooms. Credit deals in double breasted pins and champaigne suppers. Cash is more easily satisfied. Give him three meals a day and he did'nt care much if two of them are made up of roasted potatoes and a little dirty salt. Cash is a good adviser, while Credit is a good fellow to be on visiting terms with. If you want double chins and contentment, do business with Cash. A special edict with a vermillion tail.

Never back down. If you once put your foot into a thing, face it out, whether it be a bad style of matrimony, the collection of a long winded bill, listening to a woman's last word, or sitting under Rev. Mr. Prosey's preaching. Be a hero, and you'll come out right one of these days. Brave men and pretty women always land in sunshine, flowers, plenty to eat and wear, and all those luxuries. Order a peck or so, and investigate.

Dr. Rush says that the exercise of the organs of the breath by singing, contributes to defend them very much from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, and spitting of blood is almost unknown among them—a fact attributed by Dr. Rush, in part, to the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them so frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education from their earliest years.

TWO BETS were made in San Francisco at the Union, one of which exceeds in amount, anything of the kind ever made in California. W. L. Chrysler, bet J. P. Haven, the Whig nominee for Mayor, $100 that he could over check him: The bet was excepted. Mr. Chrysler drew his check on Page, Bacon, Co. for $100,000, and Mr. Haven for $50,009. Both checks were immediately honored by the cashier, who was present, and Chrysler won the bet. Mr. Haven then proposed to bet Chrysler $50,000 that he would beat Garrison for the Mayorality at the ensuing election. The bet was promptly taken, and checks drawn and honored by the cashier of Page, Bacon & Co.

☞ A female writer says 'nothing looks worse on a lady than darned stockings.' Allow us to observe that stockings that need darning look a great deal worse than darned ones—darned if they don't.

VERY LIKELY.—The man who is too poor to take a paper, has bought a slabsided dog, an old shot-gun and a twenty-shilling gold watch. He educates his children in the streets, and boards his Shanghias on his neighbors.

WORKMEN NEEDED.—The Kansas *Herald* says that a large number of carpenters could find employment in Leavenworth during this fall and the coming winter.—Wages are high, and their labor in demand. After the sale of lots the sound of the hammer will be heard in every quarter of Levenworth, provided the men can be obtained to handle it. A number of good stone masons would also find profitable employment. Should the weather continue favorable, building will be carried on all winter.

On the 9th ult., at Urbana, Ohio, the bell of the Presbyterian Church rang the second time. The congregation sat waiting and watching, but no minister came. After the lapse of an hour, a note was handed to one of the elders, who arose and read it to the congregation. It was from the minister, who said he would not preach to them any more till his salary was paid up. This may be called a ministerial strike.